Post 11/25/71

Poster

A Singer Who Moves

A Commentary

By Nicholas von Hoffman

Carol Henderson Evans is a confessed "singer who moves." It's a classification in show business. Like singers who dance, and singers that don't move.

"A singer who moves means I can dance some, if it's not too complicated. I played the barn dinner theaters, musical comedies like Highlights of Broadway. I'm also classified as a belter, the perennial second lead who comes out in the second act and does the show stopper."

On Tuesday John Mitchell's agents tried to persuade Carol Henderson Evans to sing for a grand jury investigating the Mayday Conspiracy. If your attention has wandered from the traffic stoppage of Mayday to greater plots and grand murders lately appearing in those American newspapers as yet uncensored you are forgiven.

Mayday happens every autumn when Ohio State plays Michigan. The same kind of stuff — some garbage cans overturned and a few tires slashed — but to the *Mitchellisti* it takes precedence over everything except gagging newspaper editors.

One of the cardinal tenets of *Michellismo* is that no songbird is too small and that he, the *Michellismo* shall say which birds will tweet and which shall not. So the *Times* was ordered to keep quiet and Carol Henderson Evans ordered to perform.

She wouldn't, so she's in jail on contempt of court. The reason she wouldn't sing for four straight appearances before the grand jury was that she didn't want to rat on her friends in the Mayday Collective: "They ask me questions like what was the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. What is Mayday? Have I ever participated in press conferences? Do I know Rennie Davis, John Froines or Sid Peck? Had I ever attended any meetings planning Mayday with Rennie Davis and Sid Peck? So if I give them names they know about, I give them evidence; if I give them names they don't know about, I'm giving them leads."

In the second act show stopper Carol Henderson Evans is a belter, but before the *Michellisti* she is a nervous young woman of 24 who grew up in Tucson, Arizona and attended the University there for two years. She can joke about it ("Don't Pass Go. Don't Collect $200. Go to Jail.") but the other day when she knew it was coming up on her fast, she said, "I'm spaced out since I got into this grand jury business. I keep forgetting things. The grand jury is so very intimidating. You really wouldn't believe it. There are men at these tables and a court reporter with that weird little machine they talk into. And there are some other men sitting down. I don't know what they do.

"There are only six whites and eighteen blacks on the grand jury. Most of the blacks are middle class government workers. The foreman is such an obvious tool of the government. Very nervous and trembling.

"The whole atmosphere—they don't realize they can ask questions; they don't realize how much power they have; they don't realize that grand juries were set up to protect the people. They're people and I suppose it's possible to reach them. I wish I knew enough about the grand jury system and had enough confidence to try. Some of them smile openly, I mean now they do, because they've seen me three times and one juror asked if she could look after my little boy if I went to jail."

Carol Henderson Evans—she prefers her middle name to be used—is divorced with a two-and-a-half-year-old son, Darin Scott-Christian Evans. Darin Scott-Christian

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A $415,800 Table

A table was sold for $415,800 yesterday in London, a record price for a single piece of furniture. See story on Page B2.

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Moving Singer

COMMENT, From B1

is being looked after by the Mayday Collective while his mother is in the pokey.

That may not be easy for them. The Collective is full of love, according to Carol, but all it is are those who have remained in Washington. Maybe fifteen people—the collective is given to long debates as to who's in it and who's not. The pressure from the police spies, the G-Men, and *Michellisti* make for that.

They have no money. They have been evicted from most of the places they had been living and last heard from were camping out on the 9th floor of 1029 Vermont Avenue NW, the office building which has housed the headquarters of every major Washington demonstration for years.

The small people in the activist branch of the Peace Movement are being hounded. Like Carol Henderson Evans: "I've gone through moments when I've said to myself I wish I'd never gotten involved in this. I'm no martyr. I'm not a particular spokesman or a leader, so if this could happen to me, it can happen to the rest. I think I'm being called first to this grand jury because I'm divorced and have a small son. I think they're after the mothers, people like Cathy Canada. She didn't do anything; she doesn't know anything; all she did was help prepare the food for the Vietnam Vets, and they subpoenaed her in Detroit and planted heroin in her car."

There are many such stories about the *Mitchellisti;* they won't be believed now, any more than were the charges against the highest government officials . . . until the Pentagon Papers. So there are many of the *Mitchellisti* hassling landlords and employees to get people fired and evicted. Starve them, and then indict them when they have no money and no place to sleep.

Even Janie Silverman is rumored on the lam. Anyone who reported on the civil rights movement in the South years ago has to remember her; a fat woman, a little older than the rest, tongue tied in the middle and wagging at both ends, but very sweet, always kind. She made the chicken soup of freedom, not smart enough to conspire to do more than follow the receipe. Now the word is she has disappeared from her Massachusetts Avenue apartment with the Feds after her. If they catch Janie, they won't learn much, but they'll eat well.

And as for Carol Henderson Evans, when the judge found her guilty of contempt and threw her in jail, her lawyer asked for bail pending appeal. No bail. Can't do that, not with her. She *is* a singer that moves, isn't she?